The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Diſcoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Paſſages, and Remarkable Tranſactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From Friday the 13th of January, to Wednesday the 18th, 1698.

White-Chappel, January 14.

A Spruce young fellow, upon a late unhappy occaſion, having his Eyes a little Blaſted with Gun-powder, preſently fancy'd he was ſtruck Blind, and bethought himſelf what he ſhould do for a *Dog* and a *Bell*: Theſe reflections put him a Stamping and Raving to that degree, that in ſpight of the Proverb, there appeared but little difference betwixt *Staring and Stark-mad*. But a cunning old Gypſy having obſerved his poſtures, came to him in a friendly way, and told him that ſhe had once an acquaintance in the very ſame condition, who notwithſtanding all the importunities and perſwaſions of his friends, could not be prevailed with to keep his Eyes ſhut but for one Quarter of an Hour, by which wilfulneſs of his, he was utterly deprived of his Eye-ſight, which, with very good reaſon, he repented of the longeſt day he had to live, and therefore, continued ſhe, as you value that precious Jewel, forbear to handle or open your Eyes for ſome ſhort time, and upon my word you will thank me for my advice when you have found the benefit of it. The Devil a lye it was, for placing his hands afore him, ſhe ſets the *Tony* up like an Image againſt the Wall, and diving into his Pockets, ſhe took out her Fee, which was five times as big as an able Doctor would have expected, and went her way: But her Patient coming by and by to himſelf, and upon examination of his pockets being ſenſible of his credulity and folly, he went home with a ſerious application of the old Proverb. *There's none ſo blind as he that will not ſee.*

Lincolns-Inn-Fields, January 18. Here is a General Readezvouz of common Beggers, who reſort to this place as conſtantly as Merchants to the *Exchange*, or Gallants to the Play-houſe: Theſe are your Standing Beggers, by whom you know the time of the day as infallibly as by the Two Club-men at St. *Dunſtan*'s-Church. They have as many ways of winning people to compaſſion, as Lovers find out to gain their Miſtreſſes favour: Some do it by importunity, others by whining and ſniveling, others by hectoring, others by entreaty, and others by ſilence; which with many paſſes for the moſt powerful ſort of Oratory; as if the ſincerity of a man conſiſted in ſaying nothing. They have more diſguiſes then a Jeſuite, and the luſtieſt Rogue of 'em all (which in Canting they call upright-man) will counterfeit ſickneſs, blindneſs, lameneſs, nay, and (like *Ulyſſes*) madneſs its ſelf, rather than ſerve his Country, or take up arms upon an honeſt account; By ſuch arts as theſe they Pick-Lock mens benevolence, and (as it were) rob the credulus and merciful; who by a charitable miſtake, ſupply their riot, inſtead of their neceſſity; for their Clubbs and Villanies are propagated by the Farthings, and halfpence of ſome *Well-diſpoſed Chriſtian*; as the late Rebellion was by the Zealous Contribution of Bodkins, and Thimbles. Many of them have the trick of making themſelves Cripples (at leaſt in appearance) on purpoſe that they may move men to Charity; as I have known a fellow in the Country ſet his Cottage on fire, with a deſign to get a contribution from the Pariſh; or as a Mountebanks Fool pretends to ſcald his hands with the fat of Bacon, in hopes that the ignorant crowd will prove the better Cuſtomers.

Old-Bally, Laſt Week the Collegiates of *Newgate* were ſummon'd to appear and anſwer for their ſeveral faults before their breaking up. The Bed-roll being call'd over from the *File* to the *Prigg*, and their acculations read, moſt of 'em had got their leſſons by heart more readily than their *Pater-noſter*. But ſome who were allowed the favour to read within book, had their task written in the palms of their hands, that they might be ſure to remember 'em. For being to go into the wide world, 'twas thought convenient to mark 'em with a hot iron (as people do their Sheep) to know 'em agen when they came to fold. This kind of *Ferula* tingles and ſmarts moſt unhappily, and though the Schollers are obliged to the formality of praying, yet under correction they look as if they had more mind to ſwear. The idle Truants, and ſmaller offenders were ſentenc'd to do pennance at the tail of a Wooden Engine, call'd a Cart, which they are oblig'd to follow upon a Dog-trot; for (like my Grandams Clock) it runs upon wheels, and as 'tis the nature of Clocks